

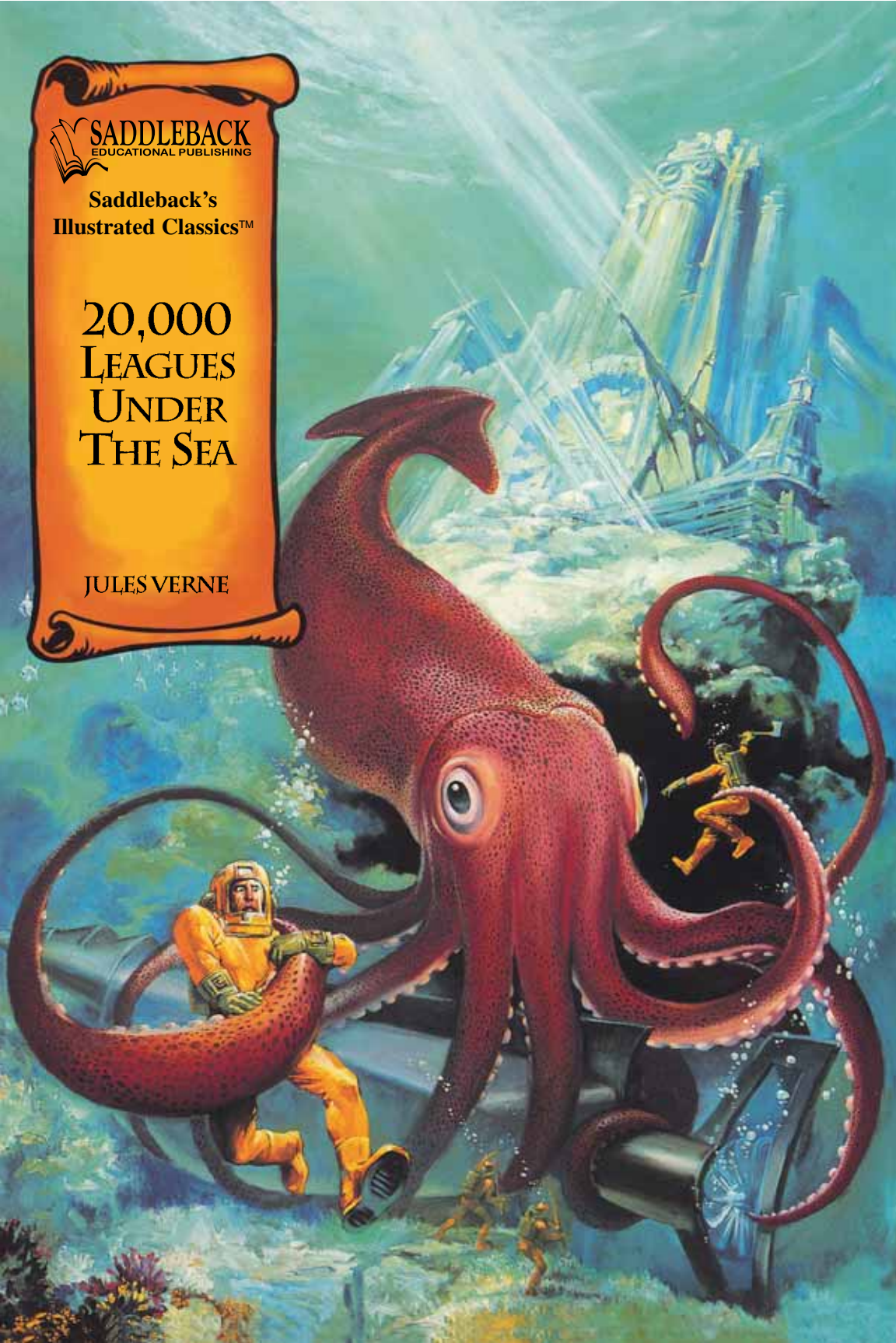


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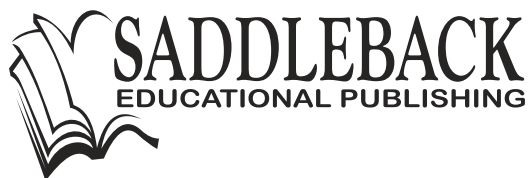
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

JULES VERNE



20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

JULES VERNE



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM



Three Watson

Irvine, CA 92618-2767

Website: www.sdlback.com

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ISBN 1-56254-950-2

Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*TM, you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*[™], you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics*[™]. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Remember,

“Today’s Readers are Tomorrow’s Leaders”



Jules Verne

Born in Nantes, France, in 1828, Jules Verne was the son of an attorney. His father expected him to become an attorney, too, but Verne was addicted to sea travel and scientific study.

Jules Verne was at his peak as a writer of science fiction from 1862 to 1872. In fact, many of the creations of his fantasies described in his books were later actually invented. Submarines, for example, were used by Verne before they were manufactured. In the nineteenth century, Verne was talking about rockets around the moon, television, atomic bombs, polar travel, photography, automobiles and travel to the center of the earth.

Many of his scientific discoveries are embodied in his books. Two of the best known are *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* and *Around the World in Eighty Days*. Twenty-nine years before the Wright Brothers achieved powered flight, Jules Verne, in his imagination, had sent a rocket to the moon in his story *From Earth to the Moon*. He also wrote *The Castaways of the Flag*, *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, *Master of the World* and *Mysterious Island*.

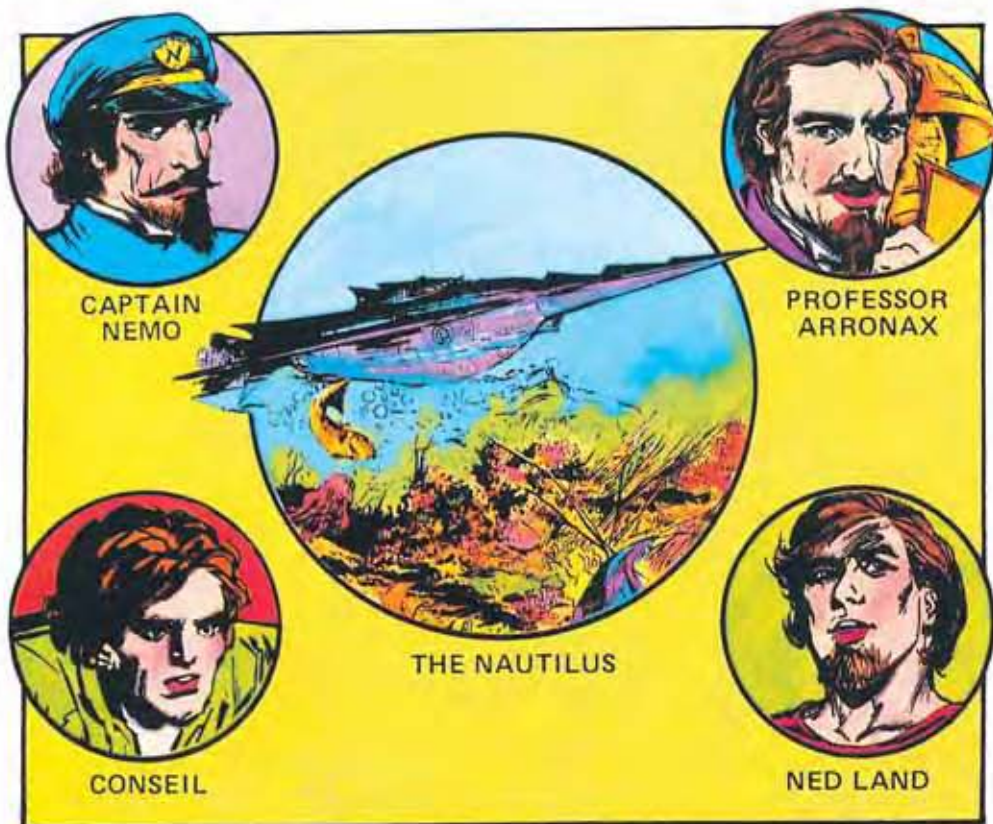
Jules Verne died in Amiens, France, in 1905.

Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

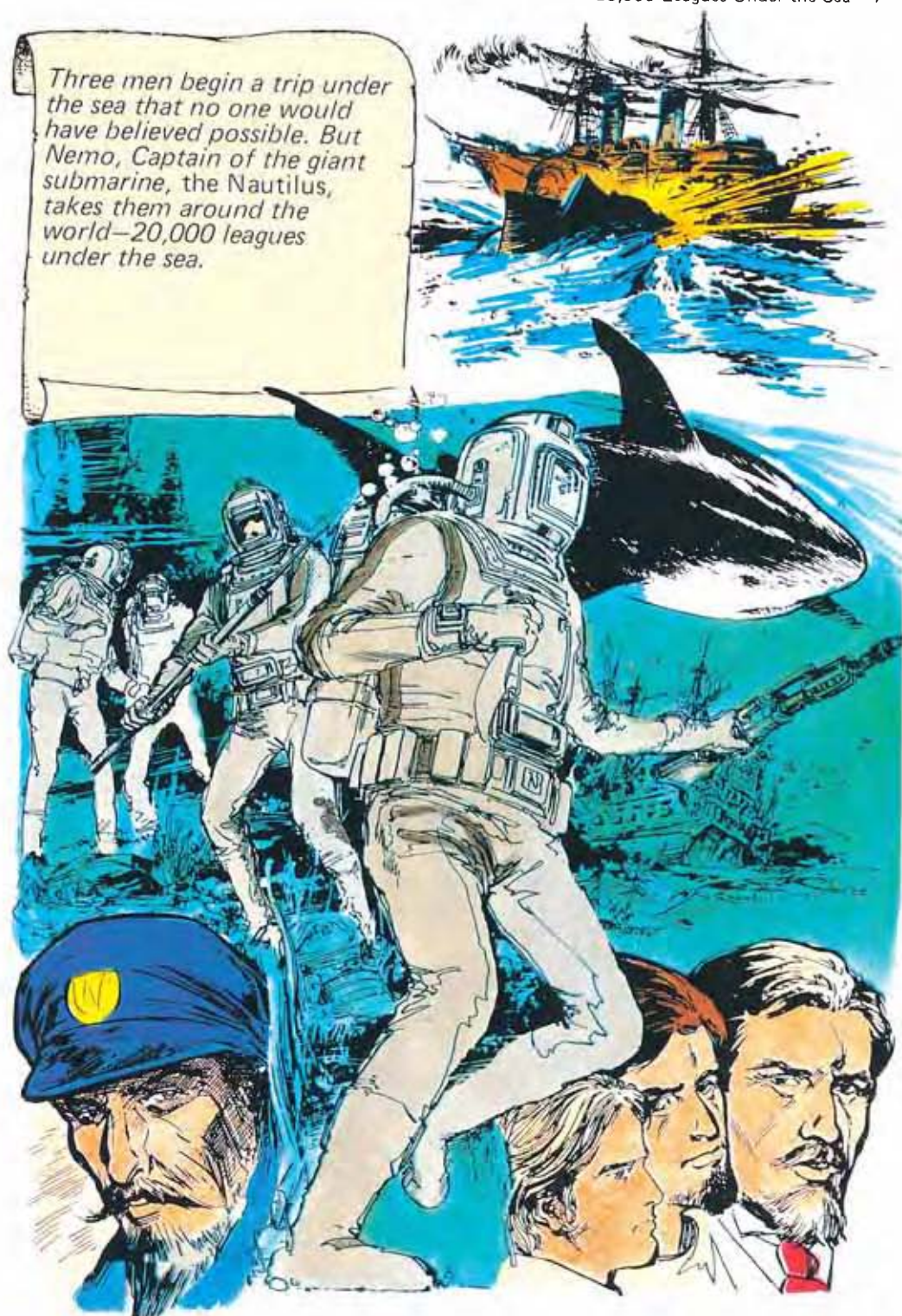
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

JULES VERNE

THE MAIN CHARACTERS



Three men begin a trip under the sea that no one would have believed possible. But Nemo, Captain of the giant submarine, the Nautilus, takes them around the world—20,000 leagues under the sea.



I am Pierre Arronax, Professor of the Museum of Paris. I have studied the animals of the sea all my life. In the year 1866, a strange thing happened. Ships at sea had met a large unknown thing, shaped like a huge bullet. Sometimes it glowed with a light. It was much larger and faster than a whale.

On July 20th, the steamship Governor Higginson, sailing five miles from Australia's east coast, saw what looked like a small island that behaved strangely.

Whale ahoy! See the water shooting in the air, sir!

But who ever saw a whale that big!



As the months passed other ships reported seeing other strange things that couldn't be explained.

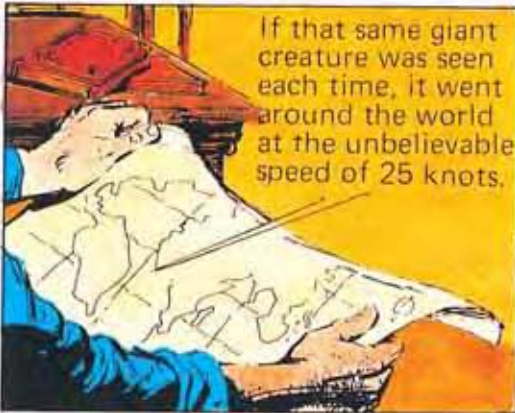
We're doing 18 knots but that giant whale is still passing us.

Where are we exactly?
We must report that we've hit something.

Pump the water from the ship.
We've been hit and have a hole nearly six feet across the middle.



And when these different sea accidents were marked on a map. . .



The United States was first to send a ship to look into the mystery. The following letter arrived three hours before the ship was to leave. It caught me in New York.

To Mr. Arronax,
Professor in the Museum of Paris
Fifth Avenue Hotel New York
Sir,
If you will consent to join the Abraham
Lincoln in this expedition, the Govern-
ment of the United States will with
pleasure see France represented in
that enterprise.
Very cordially yours,
J. B. Hobson
Secretary of Marine



The captain wasted no time in putting out to sea. Thousands of the good people of New York cheered and waved good luck!



This ship had everything it needed to find the strange sea creature. Every day the crew looked over the waters hoping to be the first to see the monster and win the \$2000 that Captain Farragut had promised to the man who saw the monster first. The best eye probably belonged to Ned Land, a Canadian who was the best man with a harpoon in the world.



For three months nothing happened.

Captain, sir, the men are very unhappy. It is beginning to worry me.

I don't blame them. If we don't see the whale in three more days, we'll head for Europe.



Just before we were going to leave the area and head for other seas, we heard a shout.

Look out there! The very thing we are looking for is just behind us. Pull up the rudder and reverse the engines.



In the darkness the monster lifted out of the water and gave off a strong but strange light.

Mr. Arronax, I don't know what horrible thing is out there. I won't risk my ship in the dark. We will wait for daylight and the scene will change.



No one went to bed that night. The next day began with fog, but it soon began to clear.



This first good view made me think the thing's length was 250 feet. I figured out it breathed air like a whale.



We've turned on full steam, sir.

Turn on more steam!

Unable to catch the beast we fired the ship's gun, which used special bullets shaped like cones.



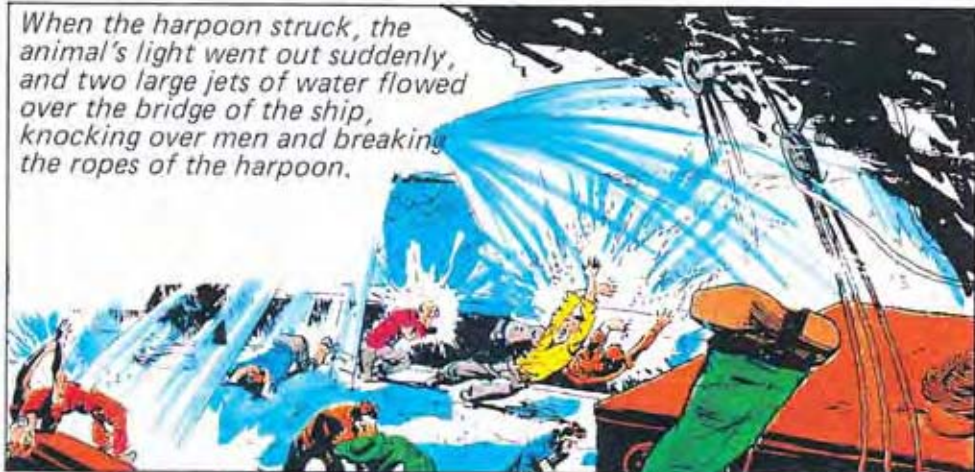
I will follow that beast till my ship breaks up.

The chase seemed to be hopeless but it continued until that night. After disappearing for a while, the whale was seen not moving, as if it were asleep.



We're within 20 feet. I can't miss with my harpoon.

When the harpoon struck, the animal's light went out suddenly, and two large jets of water flowed over the bridge of the ship, knocking over men and breaking the ropes of the harpoon.



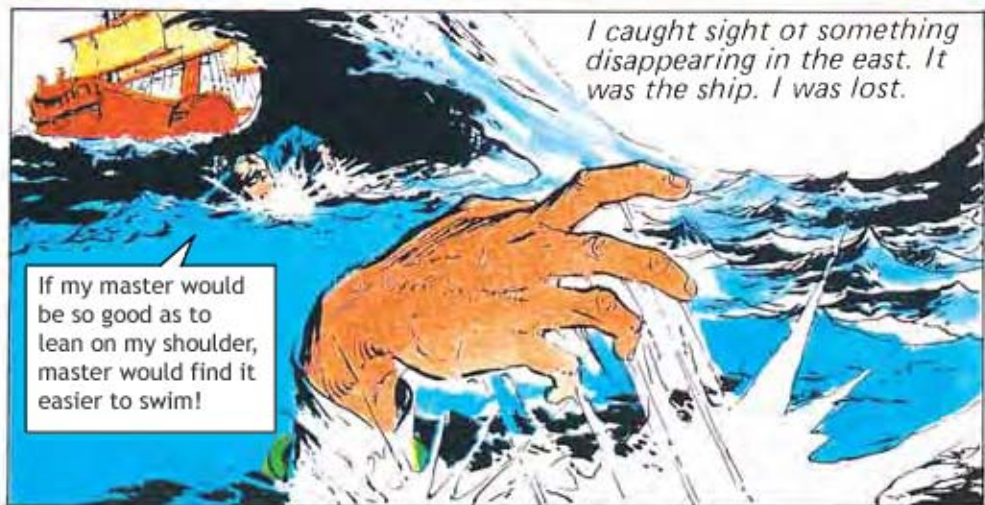
A terrible crash followed, and I was thrown over the rail and into the sea.

Help! Help!



I caught sight of something disappearing in the east. It was the ship. I was lost.

If my master would be so good as to lean on my shoulder, master would find it easier to swim!



I grabbed my servant Conseil's arm with one hand.



The crash threw you into the sea?

No, but since I am your servant, I jumped in to help you.

As I went into the sea, I heard men say, "The propeller and rudder are broken."



We were in trouble. We decided that our only chance for being saved was by being picked up by one of the ship's boats, which would probably not come before morning when they would have light to see.

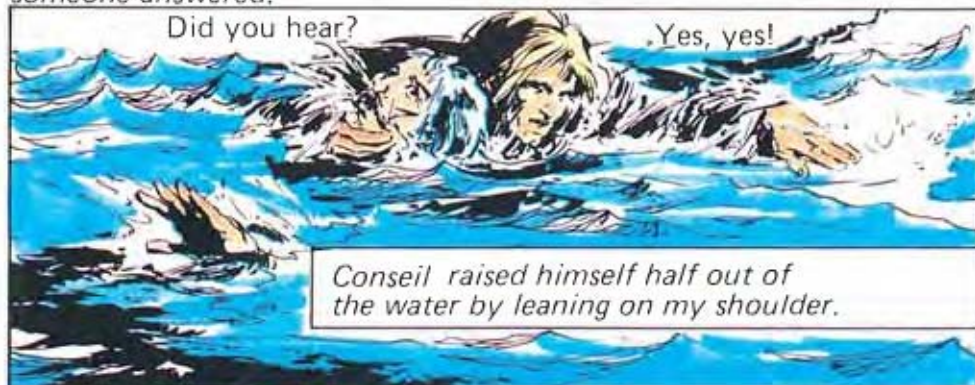
Some hours later, the moon appeared through the thick clouds. This little light gave us new courage. I looked in all directions.



Look to the east, the ship!

She must be five miles away... and no boats. Help! Help!

We stopped moving around in the water to listen. It seemed as if someone answered.

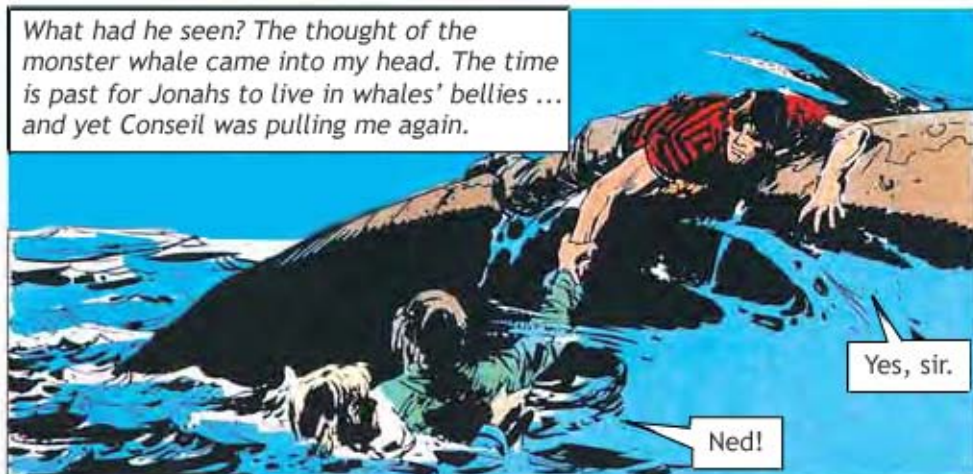


Did you hear?

Yes, yes!

Conseil raised himself half out of the water by leaning on my shoulder.

What had he seen? The thought of the monster whale came into my head. The time is past for Jonahs to live in whales' bellies ... and yet Conseil was pulling me again.



Yes, sir.

Ned!

Were you thrown into the sea by the same crash?



Yes, sir, but I was luckier than you, I grabbed hold upon this floating island—our monster whale with a skin of steel.

Morning came and I was about to look at the sub carefully, when I felt it sinking.



Oh darn it! Open, you unfriendly devils!

Luckily the submarine stopped sinking.



We were quickly taken in a dark room.



After some time lights went on in the room, the door opened, and two men came in.



By turns we each told a part of our story in different languages, after which the two strangers spoke to one another and left.



Then a servant came in with dry clothes and food.

There is the problem of not knowing all languages, or the problem of not having one language that everyone speaks.

Bah! What do you suppose they eat here? Turtle liver, shark steaks, and beefsteak from sea dogs.



The dishes are fine china and the silverware is expensive. They all have a saying in Latin. . . "changing with change," plus the letter "N".

Could that be the Captain's initial?



Our door was always locked when the servants left, and by the third day, Ned was so angry that he jumped the waiter.

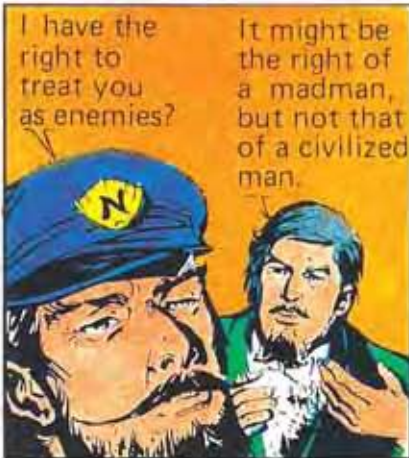
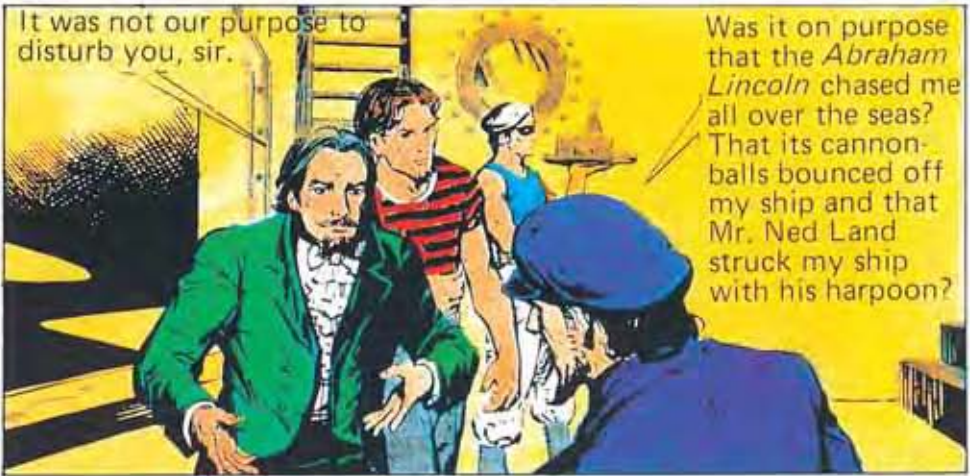


Be quiet, Master Land, and you, Professor, will you be so good as to listen to me?

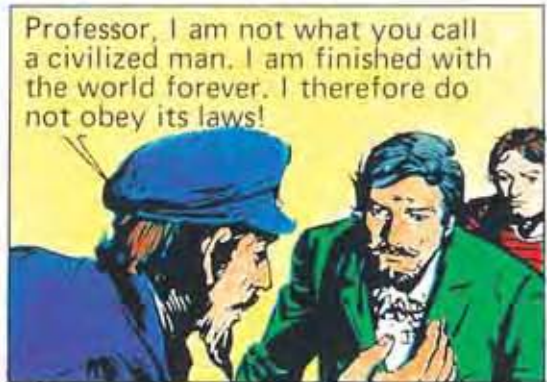
At these words Ned Land rose and the waiter walked out without showing the anger this man must have felt toward Ned.



I speak your languages and could have answered you before, but I wished to know you first, then to think. The story told by each one was the same. It told me who each of you was. I wished to think carefully before acting. You are talking to a man who has left the outside world and you now come to trouble my new way of life.



This unusual man then made a statement that shocked us all.



By the look on his face I knew he had had an unhappy past. But at the next moment, he became strangely kind.

You may walk around my ship except for one condition. . . unknown events may force me to lock you in your cabin for hours or days. Do you accept this condition?



One question, sir. When will you let us go?

The answer shook us all!



I've read your book, *The Depths of the Sea*, a sea you have really seen little of. But in my ship, you are going to visit a land of undersea wonders.



I confess Nemo's words had a great effect on me.

You have touched my weak point, sir, . . . namely, my great interest in marine life.

I will explain more as you join me in breakfast. The other two will be served here. Come, Mr. Arronax.



Later, in a beautiful dining room of oak paneling, with ivory decorations, we were served on plates of valuable china.



What are these foods? They have an interesting flavor, excellent.

Most of these foods are unknown to you. They are all things from the sea.

The sea gives me all my wants, Professor, by the use of nets or undersea hunting.



My "meats" are dolphins' liver, fillet of turtle, and other underwater treats.



My vegetables are sea cucumbers and sea lettuce, and lastly, let me offer you some jam of anemone, a most delicious fruit.

Captain Nemo spoke with great pleasure about the sea, which he loved.

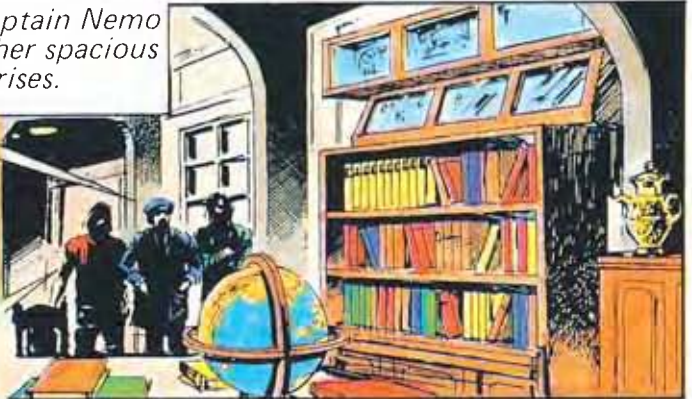
The sea is everything to me. It covers seven-tenths of the earth and is the source of life. It also offers the greatest peace, for 30 feet below its level, no king rules and no horrors of war happen



After breakfast, Captain Nemo took me among other spacious rooms, full of surprises.

These are the only ties which I have to earth, Professor . . . 12,000 books.

Twelve thousand! Why, this library would do honor to any college!



Another huge room was like a museum.



Ah, but no museum in Europe owns such a collection. Magnificent!

I have a collection of paintings. Also the music of the world's greatest composers, plus an organ I sometimes play.

Captain Nemo next led me to what would now be my new bedroom.

This is a fine room. Thank you, Captain.

My bedroom is next to yours. Come and see it.



His room was very different from my own. It was like a cell.

The comforts of life do not interest me. But look, on the walls are all the controls for steering and running the *Nautilus*.



Thermometer: for outside water temperature.

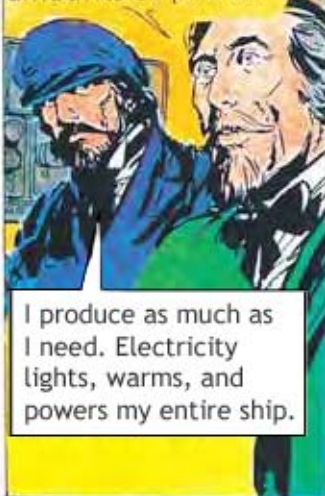
Barometer: for indicating water pressure.

Manometer: which shows the ship's depth at any time . . . also

Compass and Storm Glass. And my ship, if you're interested, is run by electricity.



Electricity? But scientists can only produce it in small amounts of power.

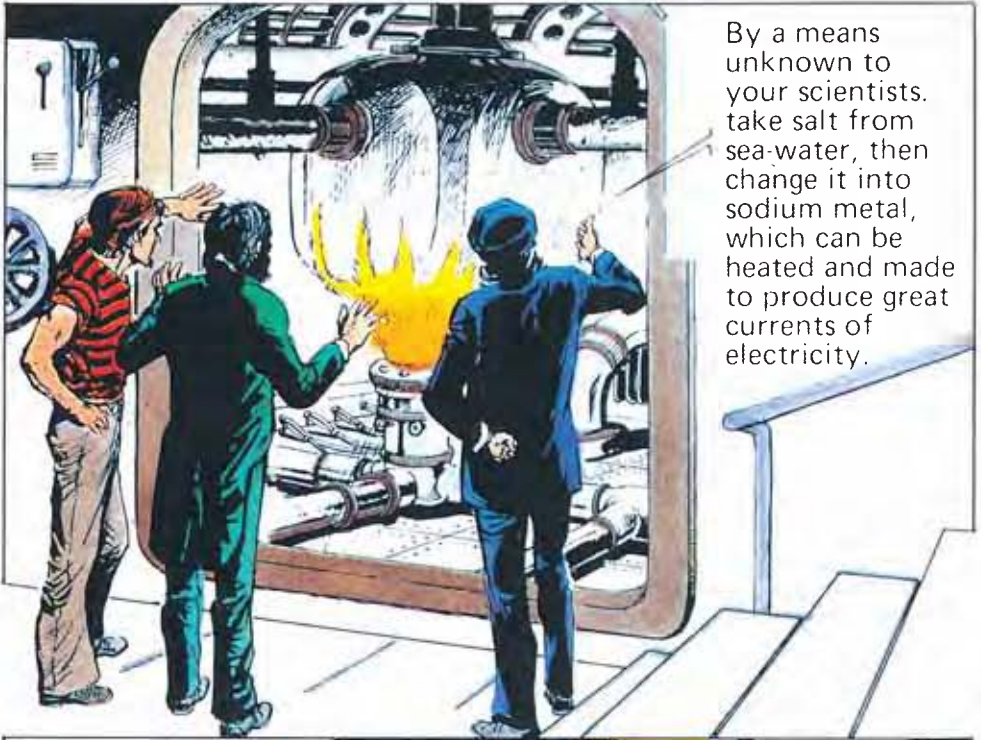


I produce as much as I need. Electricity lights, warms, and powers my entire ship.

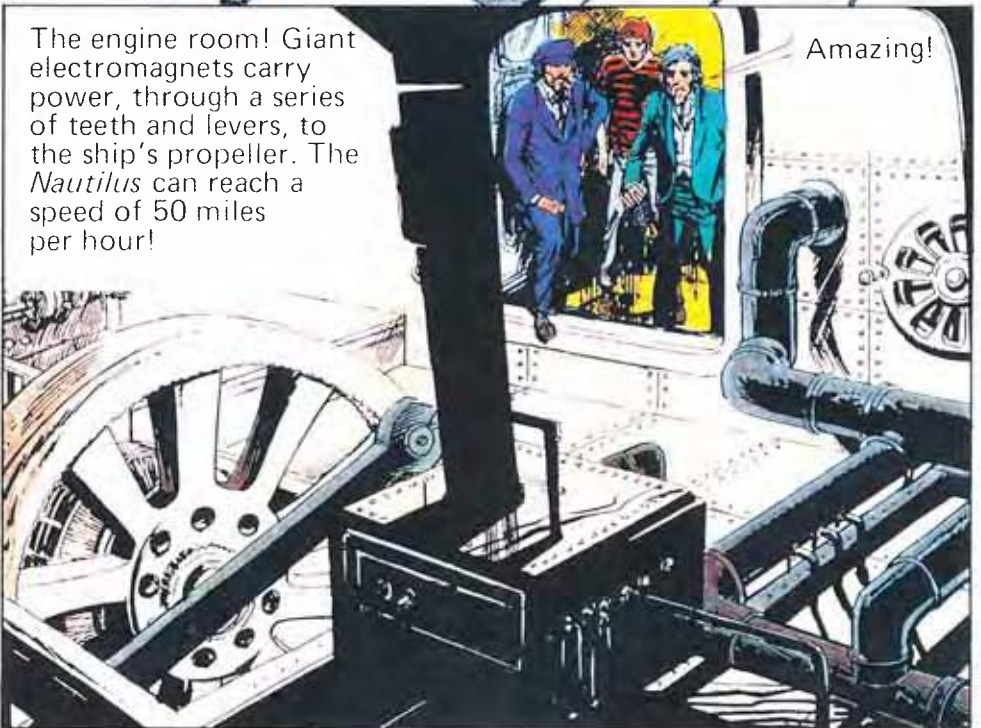
Electricity cooks all the food in our kitchen, and also works powerful pumps to take in and store fresh air when we rise to the surface.



But how do you produce all that electricity?



By a means unknown to your scientists, take salt from sea-water, then change it into sodium metal, which can be heated and made to produce great currents of electricity.



The engine room! Giant electromagnets carry power, through a series of teeth and levers, to the ship's propeller. The *Nautilus* can reach a speed of 50 miles per hour!

Amazing!

Later, in the control room, Captain Nemo showed me the plans of his unusual ship.

My ship is a long tube with pointed ends, very like a cigar in shape. Length, 232 feet, plus a 30 foot spear. Greatest width, 26 feet. As you see, there are three floors on which there are many rooms.

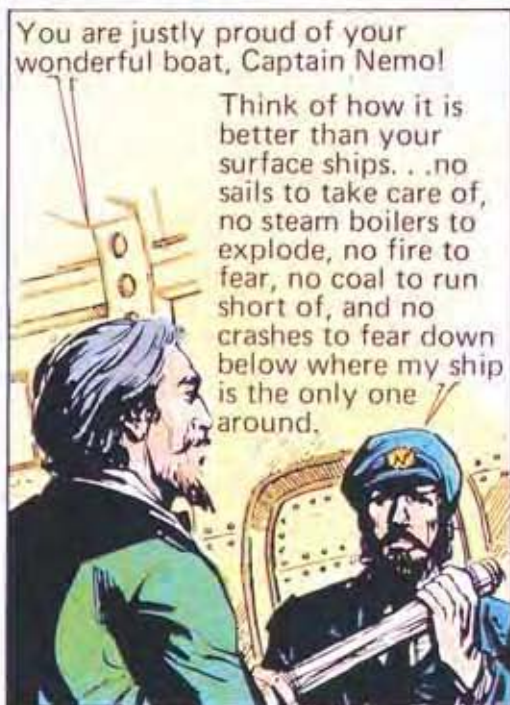


My whole ship weighs 1500 tons and displaces 50,000 feet of water. To sink, we open the valves and fill the lowest tanks. To rise, we pump out that water and float again.



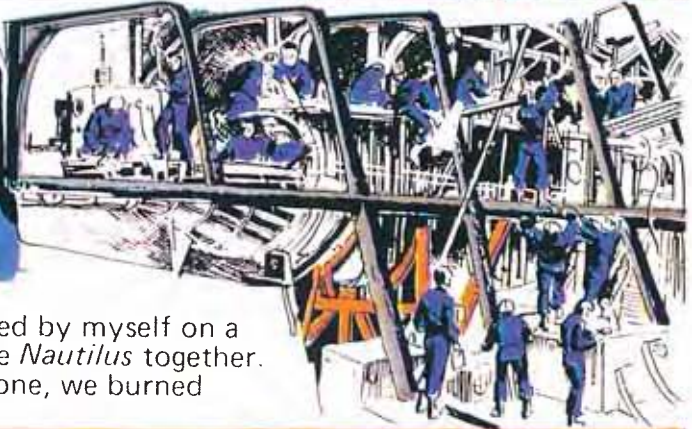
You are justly proud of your wonderful boat, Captain Nemo!

Think of how it is better than your surface ships. . . no sails to take care of, no steam boilers to explode, no fire to fear, no coal to run short of, and no crashes to fear down below where my ship is the only one around.



The story of how he built the Nautilus in secret was just as amazing.

Each separate part was made in different parts of the world. The steel keel in France, the propeller in London, the body in Liverpool, the engine by Krupp in Prussia, the beak in Sweden, the controls in America, and so on.



The workmen, trained by myself on a desert island, put the *Nautilus* together. When our job was done, we burned everything we used.

The cost of it all? Construction, \$347,500. Fittings \$400,000. My collection of art and such \$1,000,000. Total \$1,747,500.



Fantastic! Then, you are rich?

Captain Nemo's answer surprised me!

Very rich, sir. And I could, without missing it, pay all the money that France owes the world.



We are now in the Pacific, the largest ocean on earth. The pumps are emptying the water tanks, making us rise.





When I told these wonders to my two friends, Ned Land and Conseil, while showing them the museum room. . . .

But Professor, didn't you find out how big his crew is? Ten men. . . twenty. . . fifty. . . a hundred?

If you are thinking of escaping, Ned, or grabbing control of the *Nautilus*, give up the ideal. It is hopeless.



Suddenly, the lights went out, and we were in the dark.

Is this the end?

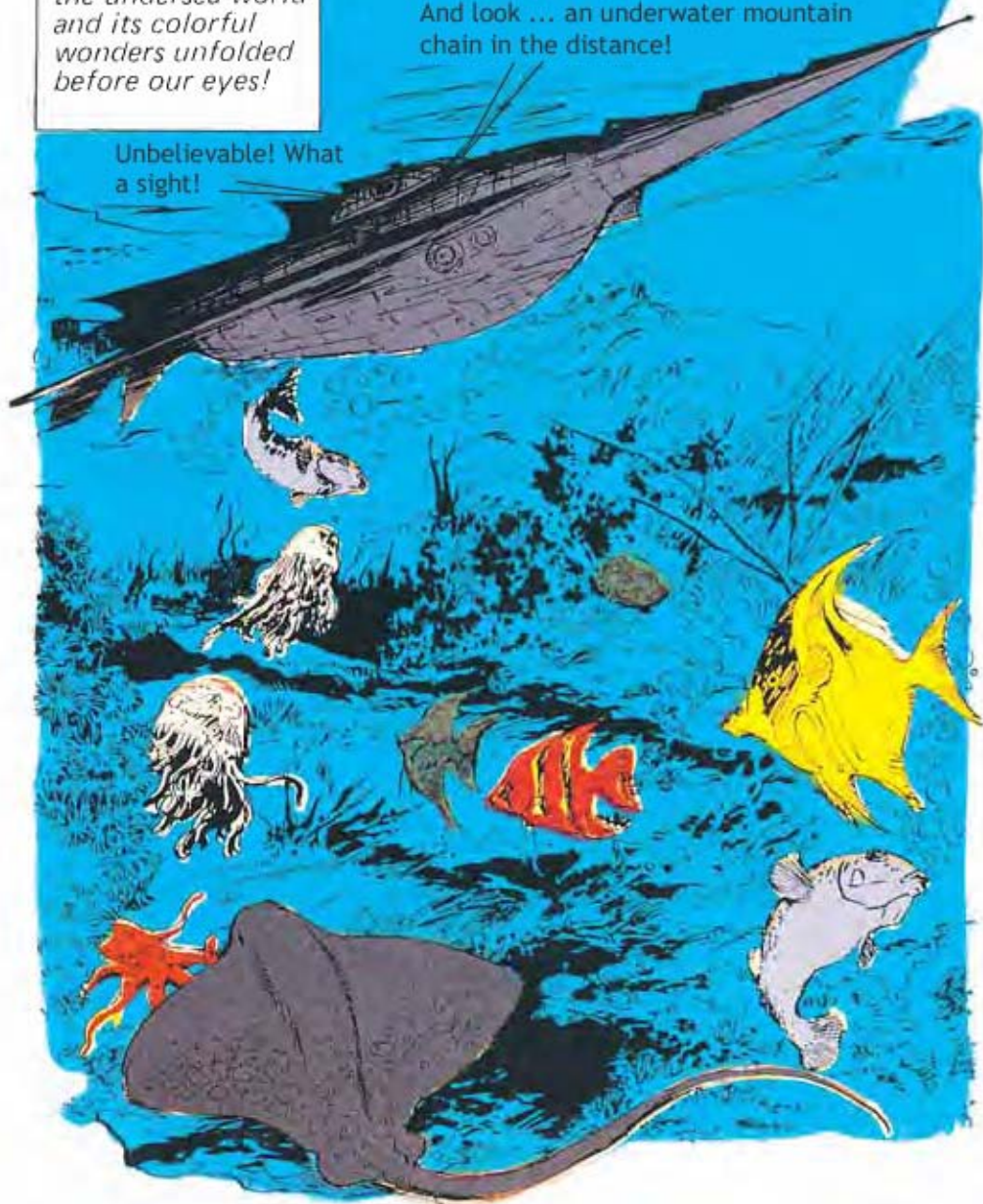
No, but look. Two wall panels are sliding open. We can see right out at the sea around the ship!



And at a depth of 150 feet the wonderful view of the undersea world and its colorful wonders unfolded before our eyes!

Wonderful! The rest of the world has never seen this marine wonderland and its undersea mysteries! Why, I see kinds of marine animals never known before! And look ... an underwater mountain chain in the distance!

Unbelievable! What a sight!



We saw little of Captain Nemo for days. The crew continued to puzzle us with their unknown language.

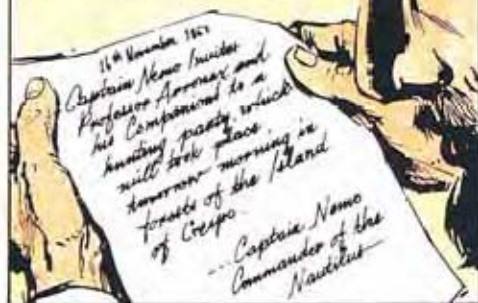
Nautron
respec lorni
virch!

Every day this
man looks at the
horizon and says
the same thing!
Its meaning is
unknown to me!



Everything aboard the Nautilus was strange. . .including the letter that was brought to me one day.

What an odd man!
A written note from
Nemo, aboard his
own ship!



*The next morning, before
starting. . .*

Are we
going in
regular
diving gear?
But the
lifelines
carrying
air cut down
on a diver's
movements.

Not my diving
suits, sir! My
own improve-
ments of that
backpack,
invented by two
Frenchmen, will
store enough air
under pressure
and will let us
walk underwater
for nine or ten
hours.



That lamp will light
our way in the dark
water. And this
rifle is an air gun,
shooting out glass
bullets which give
off an electrical
charge strong enough
to knock out any
sea creature, without
killing it.



*Crewmen helped us into the
unusual diving suits.*

We are in a
separate
waterproof
room that
will open into
the sea.



When all four of us were fully dressed in the diving suits, and outside door opened and sea water filled the room.



The lead weights on our boots let us walk on the sea's floor.



For a quarter of a mile we wandered happily through what was a bright undersea garden, of colorful beauty!



It made me sad to crush under my feet the beautiful sea animals which covered the ground by the thousands ...

Nemo led us finally to an undersea forest. . . of tall, straight seaweeds and tree plants that grew from the ocean floor to the surface, straight as rods of iron.

When you bend one of these plants, it immediately straightens itself again!



We came upon patches of marine plants, too, and for a moment seemed we were on land in an above-ground forest.

Those fish darting from branch to branch look like a swarm of hummingbirds in the air! But this is all under the sea!



When we came upon a large sea-spider, an angry shellfish with terrible claws, Captain Nemo knocked it aside with his gun-butt ... but I wondered if there were not worse monsters ahead!



But to our pleasant surprise, we next met a large sea otter.



Its shining skin will fetch \$400 American money in the fur market! But I think that Nemo shot it for his own use, not money.

Only once did real danger threaten us, as two dangerous sharks swam by. Fortunately sharks have poor eyesight and failed to see us. If they had attacked, we would have had to fight for our lives.



Finally, our strange underwater hunting trip was over and we returned to the Nautilus.



Nemo took us back slowly so that we climbed the slope gradually from the depths to avoid getting the bends.

On we sailed, passing the Sandwich Islands, where Cook died in 1779. On December 1, 1867, an important thing happened.



We just crossed the equator, heading into the South Pacific.

On December 11th, my friends and I watched a strange sight from the portholes.



Look! A sunken ship!

On December 25, 1867, we spent a strange Christmas Day... underwater!

Merry Christmas to you both!

What's merry about it? No snow down here... no Christmas tree aboard... no gifts given out! Some Christmas!



We had reached the New Hebrides Isles in the South Pacific, where several ships had gone under long ago in dangerous waters.

These are the ship's papers of Commander La Perouse, whose three ships all sank around here in 1785. I found the wrecks. The mystery of the disappearance of his ships was never solved before!

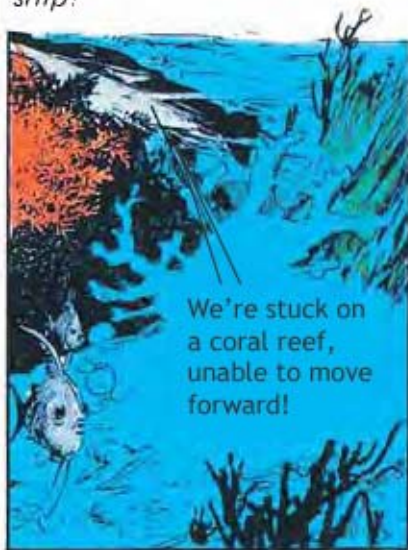


By January 4, 1868, in the New Year, the Nautilus reached Papua and entered the Torres Straits, leading to the Indian Ocean.

And then it happened... a crash that shook the whole ship!

We will pass Gilboa Island and reach the Indian Ocean.

But these waters are very dangerous, Captain Nemo, with coral reefs all over! What if...?



We're stuck on a coral reef, unable to move forward!

When we went on deck, it looked bad.

We're stranded, Captain! Two miles from Gilboa Island! How can the *Nautilus* ever get free? The tides are low here and will never float us free!

Wrong, Professor! In five days, at the full moon, the high tide will be a yard and a half higher, letting us escape. You will see.



My two friends had an idea.

We cannot escape, for only wild men live on that island.

But why not take the small boat and hunt fresh meat there? We'll taste meat again for the first time in months!



We took a small boat and rowed toward the shore.



Once on the island we looked for animals to hunt.

There doesn't seem to be anything worth shooting around here.



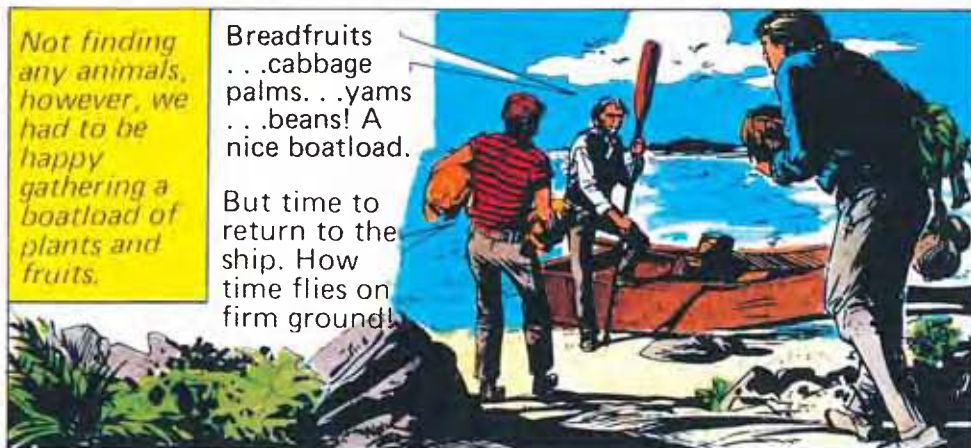
But we did find fresh fruits to add to our diet of sea foods.



Not finding any animals, however, we had to be happy gathering a boatload of plants and fruits.

Breadfruits
...cabbage
palms. ...yams
...beans! A
nice boatload.

But time to
return to the
ship. How
time flies on
firm ground!



Loaded with our riches, we left the shore and soon reached the Nautilus.

The ship is still stuck, so why not return to the island again tomorrow? Sooner or later we'll find animals to shoot.



The next morning found us at the island and before long. ...

Wood pigeons
We'll soon eat them.

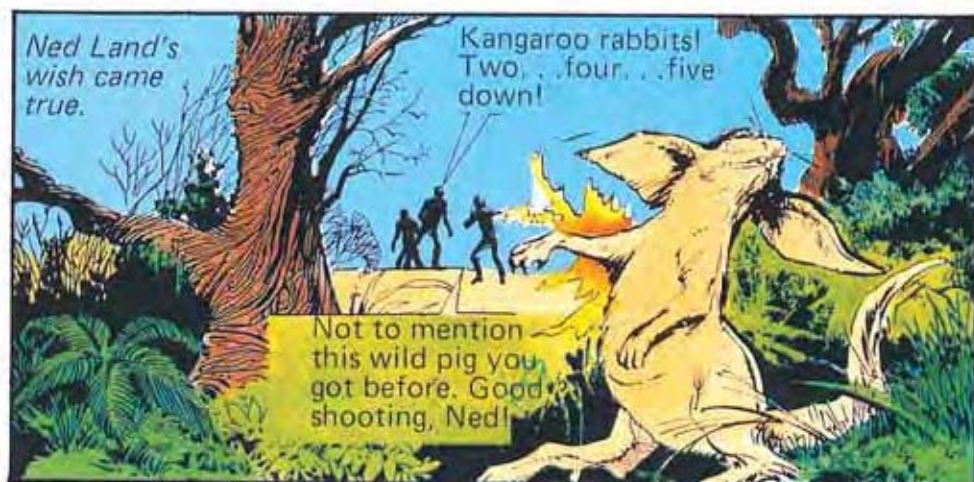


Ned roasted them and also made a delicious breadfruit pie.

Excellent, Ned!

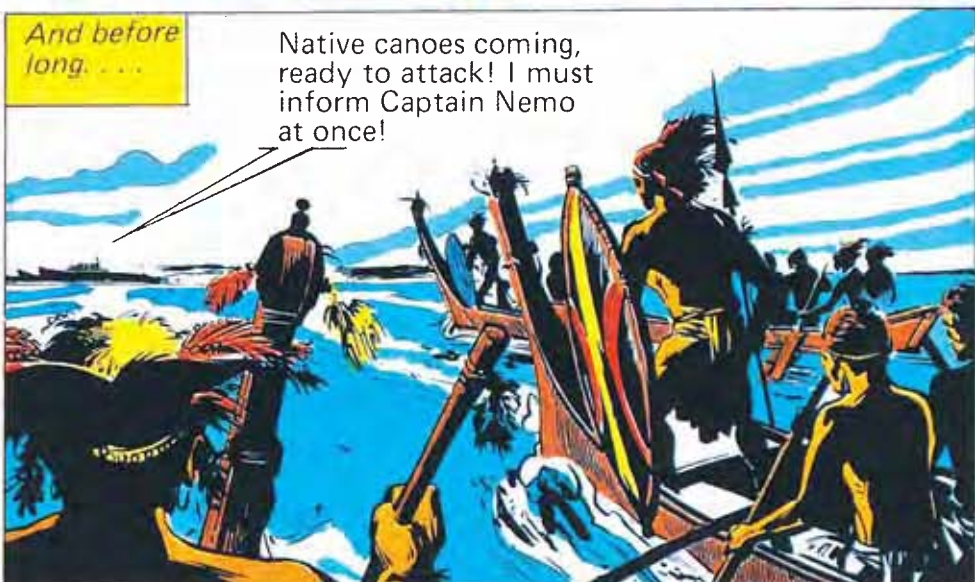
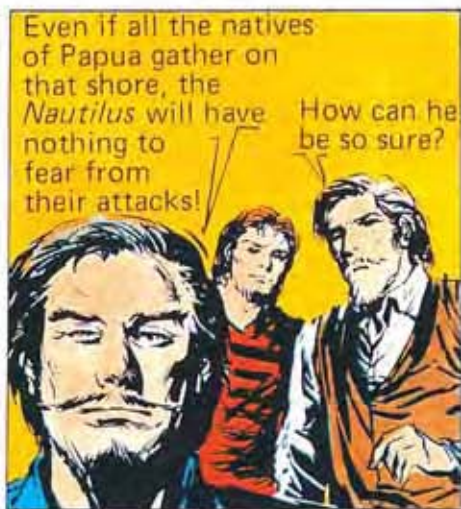
Yes, but pigeons are so little. I want some four-footed animals. I won't be happy until I've killed an animal with some real meat on it.







Nobody was there to meet us and later, I reported to Captain Nemo down in his museum, playing his organ.



We must close the hatches before the savages arrive!

This electric button closes them all. Those island gentlemen could not hurt this ship anyway.



But you will have to take in more air tomorrow, before the *Nautilus* floats free of the reef. They will then board us!

Now we will get rid of them. Yet without the cost of a single native life!



Captain Nemo was speaking in riddles! Next day, as the hatches were again opened. . . .

How can you stop the natives from coming into the ship?

Watch and you shall see!



See, Professor? My open ports carry electricity. They are getting shocks that will keep them from trying to enter my ship!



Ned Land, who wanted to drive off the savages himself, soon found out how Nemo had taken care of them.

Yeow!

I explained to the confused Ned what had happened.

Only an electric shock? It felt like the sky fell down!

And at that moment, the Nautilus, raised by the last waves of the high tide, left her coral bed exactly at the time Captain Nemo said it would.

We are free, safe and sound from the dangerous Torres Straits! Full power ahead!

On January 16, 1968, in the Indian Ocean, the Nautilus floated in the middle of a phosphorescent sea, a strange sight indeed!

As you know, Professor, this unusual light is produced by thousands of shining small animals. This is truly living lights!

On the 18th of January, as the ship rose to pump air, I saw Captain Nemo become excited when looking through his telescope.

I wanted to know, so I used my own small telescope when the deck was empty.

What is it, Commander? What do you see on the horizon?

Do not ask, Professor! It is not your problem!

Something he saw seemed to upset Nemo greatly. Could it be some ship?

But I no sooner looked through the glass, than it was quickly pulled out of my hands!

I told you it was none of your business. You must now be kept below, with your friends, until I want to let you go!

We were locked in.

What is this all about, sir?

I-I don't know, Conseil! There was a strange fear in Captain Nemo's face, for some reason. It's a riddle!



Suddenly, the lights went out, and at the same time we all felt very sleepy.

The next morning, we had no idea of what had happened the night before, but one slight clue came when Captain Nemo asked me a question.

Nemo must have put a sleeping pill in our food! I feel the ship moving, quickly ahead. . . But we've been drugged to sleep. . . ahhhhhhh.



Am I a medical doctor? Well, I am a surgeon at a hospital at home, and I practiced medicine several years before entering the Paris Museum.

Then come with me, to look at one of my crew.



Nemo took me to a cabin where one of the crew lay dying.

There was nothing I could do for the man. His skull was badly crushed.



I'm afraid he's dead, sir.



Next morning, at the Captain's order, all three of us put on diving gear for an underwater walk at shallow depths.



We will not go underwater more than one hundred feet deep.

Two hours later...

I wonder why Captain Nemo has brought us to this quiet place?



The answer was quite surprising, as crewmen followed us up, and then...

This glade is a cemetery! That hole is to be the grave of the man who died yesterday! His final resting place is at the bottom of the ocean.

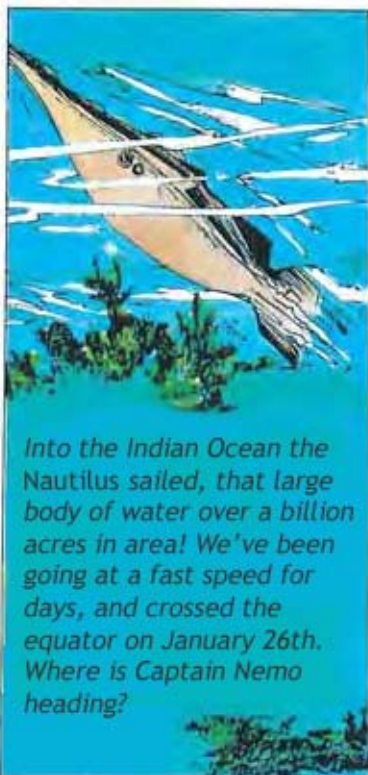


Later, back aboard the Nautilus. . .

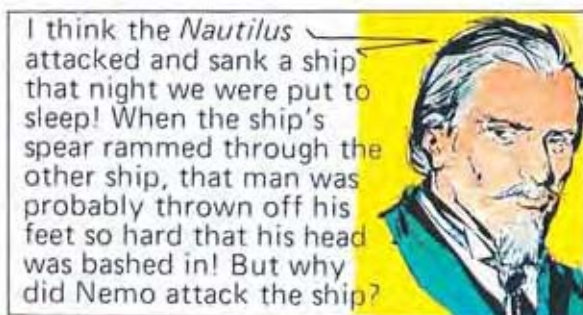


Coral builds up over those graves, sealing the bodies forever!

Our dead sleep quietly, out of the reach of sharks . . . and men!



Into the Indian Ocean the Nautilus sailed, that large body of water over a billion acres in area! We've been going at a fast speed for days, and crossed the equator on January 26th. Where is Captain Nemo heading?



I think the *Nautilus* attacked and sank a ship that night we were put to sleep! When the ship's spear rammed through the other ship, that man was probably thrown off his feet so hard that his head was bashed in! But why did Nemo attack the ship?

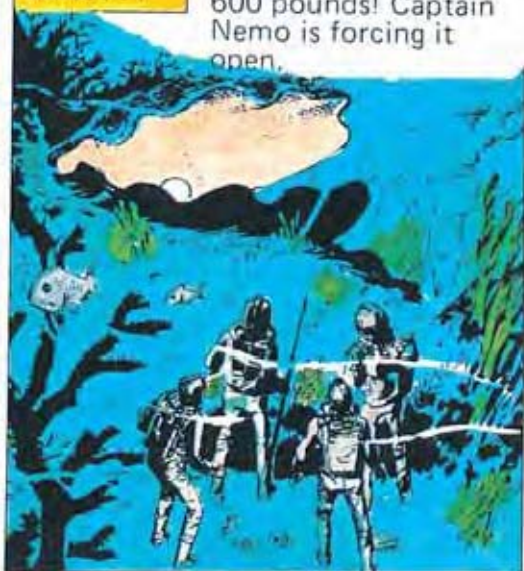
It proved to be the shores of Ceylon, where the famous pearl fishing grounds are located, and one day in our diving suits . . .

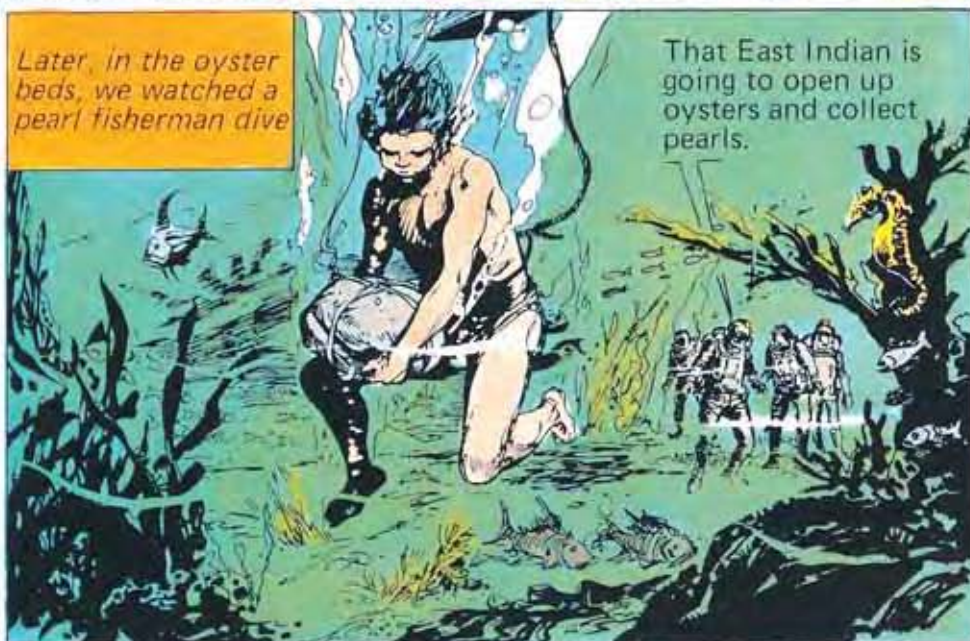
Nemo has led us to the pearl beds.



And in an underwater cave. . .

That oyster is gigantic, two and a half yards wide! It must weigh 600 pounds! Captain Nemo is forcing it open.





Quickly, Captain Nemo rushed at the shark, using his knife.



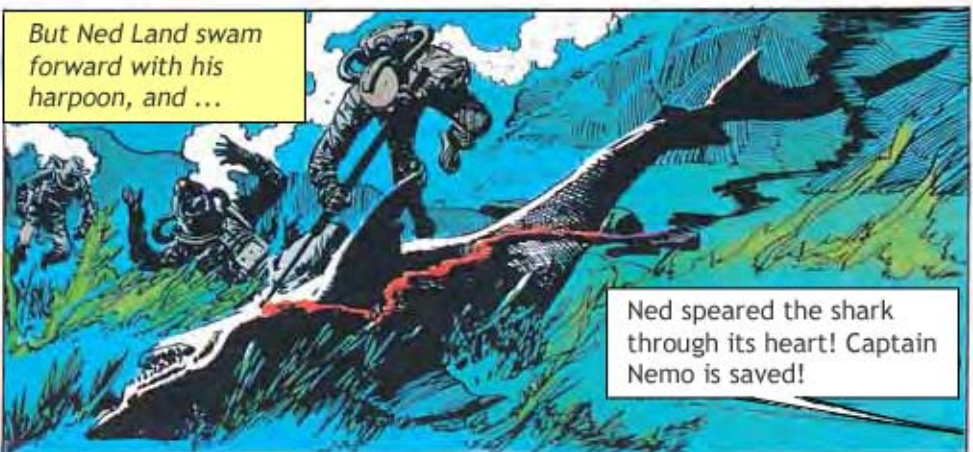
But the shark's large size knocked Nemo down, and then its large jaws were about to kill a helpless victim!

Those gigantic jaws, like sharp knives, will cut Nemo in half!



But Ned Land swam forward with his harpoon, and ...

Ned speared the shark through its heart! Captain Nemo is saved!



Getting up, Nemo quickly rushed to save the drowning pearl fisherman.

That saves the fisherman, too! Captain Nemo is the champion of the poor, and those whom others treat poorly.



Later, back at the Nautilus, Nemo seemed embarrassed when he thanked Ned Land.



It was in revenge, Captain. I did it to make you feel guilty for holding us prisoners. . . so your conscience will ache!

Captain Nemo, in turn, said a strange thing to me.

Sir, you were brave to save that pearl diver. Whatever you have against the outside world, your heart is not entirely hard!

That Indian, sir, lives in a cruel country. And I am still, and shall be to my last breath, one of them.



It was on February 11, 1868, that Captain Nemo told me of a daring move he would make.

We're moving up the Red Sea toward the Mediterranean. But if you go through the Suez Canal, the secret of the *Nautilus* will be found out. British gunboats will stop you!



And far below the Arabian Peninsula ...



I call this the Arabian Tunnel, Professor! We are safe from spying eyes.



And we come up in the Mediterranean unseen.

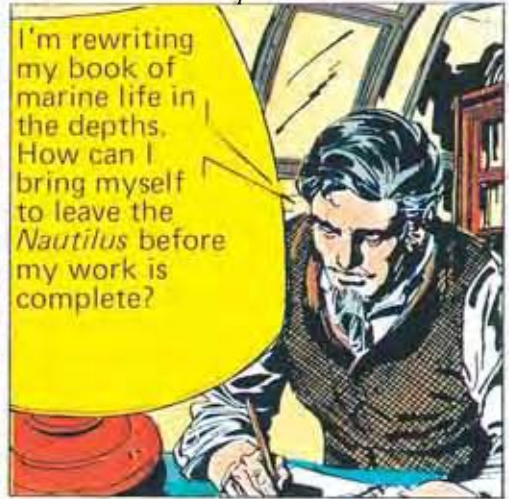
Meanwhile, my two friends had been planning.

We made possible plans, but to tell the truth, I was not sure I wanted to escape.



Listen, Professor! Some dark night will no doubt bring the *Nautilus* a short distance from some European coast!

Then we can swim away and escape!



I'm rewriting my book of marine life in the depths. How can I bring myself to leave the *Nautilus* before my work is complete?

On February 14th, a strange thing happened off the Mediterranean coast.

Nemo then opened a big chest and to my surprise. . . .



Look! A shipwrecked man! He dove down to our ship!

I know him well, Professor! Nicolas Pesca, a brave diver! This was a meeting we both had planned.



Why, it's full of gold metal molds!

Yes, their weight is 4,000 pounds and their value a million dollars!

Soon, after Captain Nemo wrote an address on the chest's lid, it was taken away, giving me another mystery!

The *Nautilus* surfaced and crewmen are giving the gold to someone on the coast! Why does Nemo give gold away so freely? And to whom?



At sunrise on February 18th, we sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, at a speed that terrified Ned Land.

As for our escape plans, we can't leave the *Nautilus* now under these conditions!

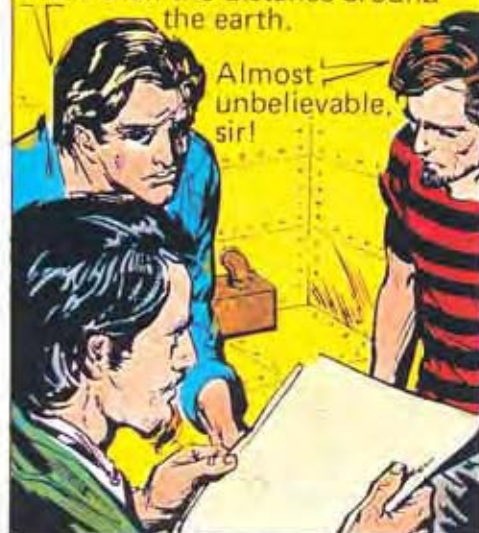
Blast! It would be as bad as jumping from a train going at full speed!



As we sailed out into the Atlantic, I did some amazing figuring.

The *Nautilus* has cut through waters for three and a half months, travelling 30,000 miles, more than the distance around the earth.

Almost unbelievable, sir!



Next day, as we entered Vigo Bay off the coast of Spain, Captain Nemo told of an old-time sea battle.

On October 22, 1702, an English war fleet arrived in Vigo Bay and attacked the poorer French fleet, which was loaded with Spanish gold from America. The French admiral, knowing he would lose, burnt and sank every ship, which went to the bottom with their great riches!

Why should this old story interest me, sir?





I soon found out as Nemo's crew left in diving suits, working on a wonderful job!

Behold, Professor! These are the very treasure ships that sank! My men are emptying the ships of some of their valuable treasure! The total wealth here is thought to be two and a half billion dollars!

Captain Nemo's face showed his anger as he answered hotly. . . .

Not only here in Vigo Bay, but in a thousand other spots where shipwrecks have happened, I pick up sunken treasure. Now you know the source of the millions I am worth.

But, sir! Doesn't this sunken wealth really belong to Spain, not you?

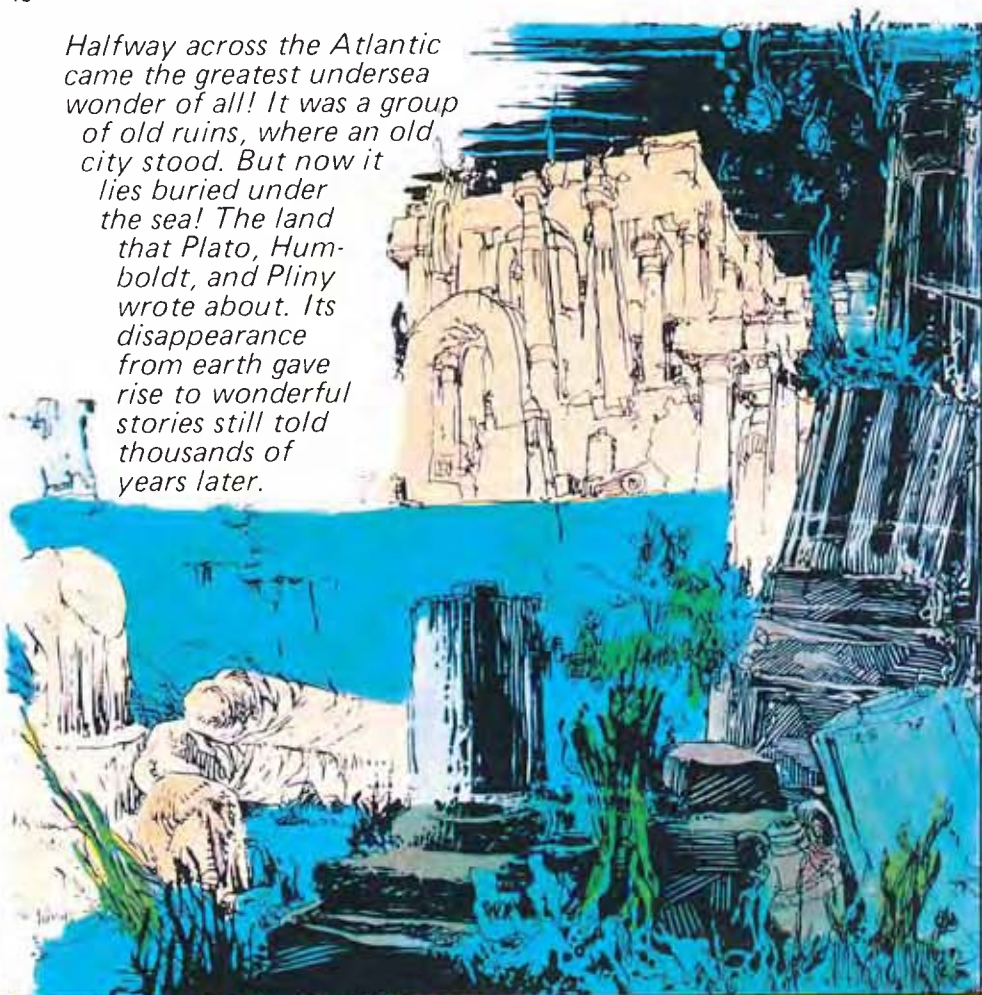


I gather these riches for the poor, suffering people of the earth.

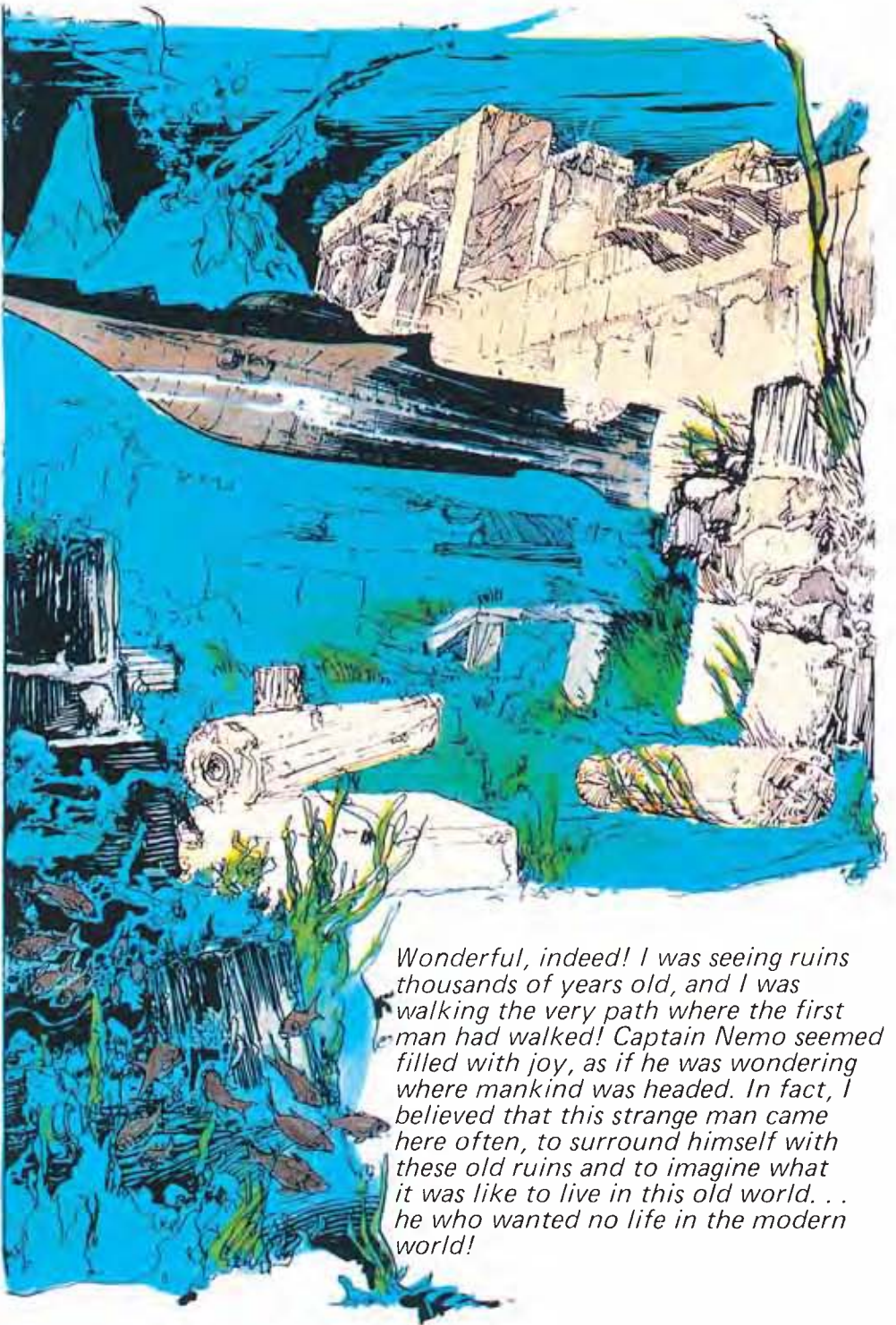
He really cares about his fellow human beings who are in need.



Halfway across the Atlantic came the greatest undersea wonder of all! It was a group of old ruins, where an old city stood. But now it lies buried under the sea! The land that Plato, Humboldt, and Pliny wrote about. Its disappearance from earth gave rise to wonderful stories still told thousands of years later.



Captain Nemo wrote out the name of this place. . . Atlantis, the sunken continent! The ancient sinking was caused by volcanoes, one of which is still alive and exploding underwater! What a wonderful sight!



Wonderful, indeed! I was seeing ruins thousands of years old, and I was walking the very path where the first man had walked! Captain Nemo seemed filled with joy, as if he was wondering where mankind was headed. In fact, I believed that this strange man came here often, to surround himself with these old ruins and to imagine what it was like to live in this old world. . . he who wanted no life in the modern world!

In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, the Nautilus entered an underwater tunnel in the side of a mountain. . . sailed along a tunnel heading upward. . . and came out in a dead volcano's crater which was now a lake in the open air!



Nemo and his men went under-water to dig up coal for the electrical engines, my two friends and I went ashore.



I'll smoke out this beehive and we'll bring back tasty honey!

We sailed on westward and came to another wonder of the sea.



The Sargasso Sea! The strong currents bring many shipwrecks here. That seaweed is so thick that a ship's bow can hardly tear its way through, even under full power!

Days later, in the South Atlantic, Nemo told us about a dangerous experiment.

This is the deepest hole on earth, where a range of mountains taller than the Himalayas is completely under water! We will go down to the very bottom and see how deep it is!



We reached a depth of 16,000 yards, about nine miles!

Look at those beautiful caves of stone and ooze, the lowest places in the earth's oceans! I'll take a picture!



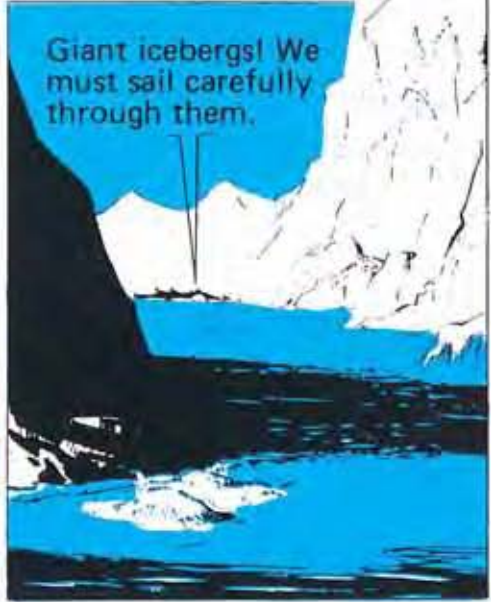
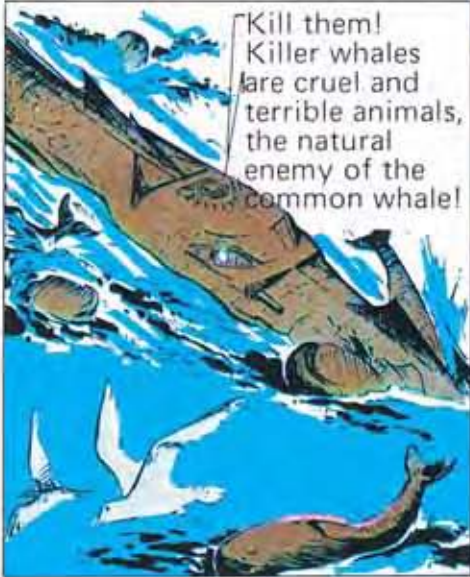
But the pressure was so great that Captain Nemo feared his ship might break up, and we shot up to the surface at such speed that. . . .



We shot out of the sea entirely and into the air, flying for four minutes and covering twelve miles before returning to the water! Luckily, the Nautilus was built strongly enough.



Still southward, the Nautilus one day ran into a herd of angry, killer whales and for one hour many of these wild whales were killed by the ship's spear.



But when we were blocked off by a wall of ice, Captain Nemo simply drove his ship forward at full speed, and,



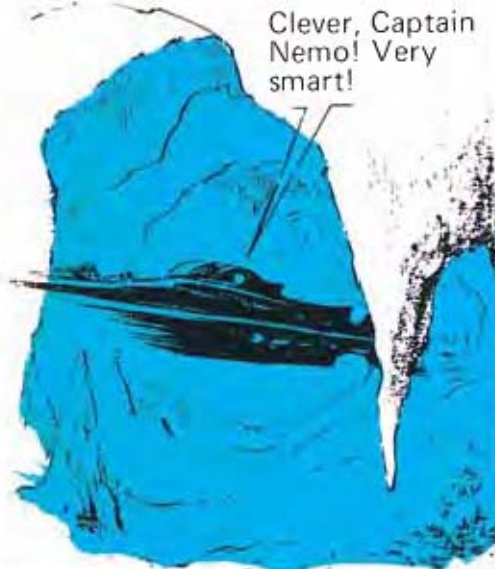
And then Nemo told us his dangerous plan!

You want to reach the South Pole?



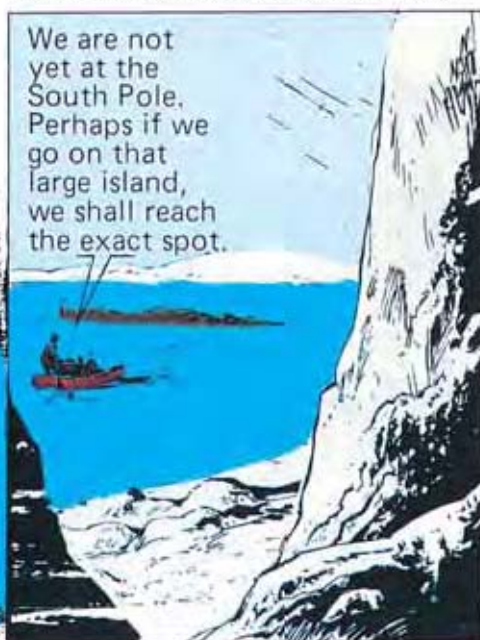
When we finally met a large ice pack that could not be cracked open, our ship simply sailed under it!

Clever, Captain Nemo! Very smart!



Then, as Nemo had believed, there was a break in the ice field.

We are not yet at the South Pole. Perhaps if we go on that large island, we shall reach the exact spot.



On the island, Captain Nemo, Conseil, and myself climbed a peak, and then. . .

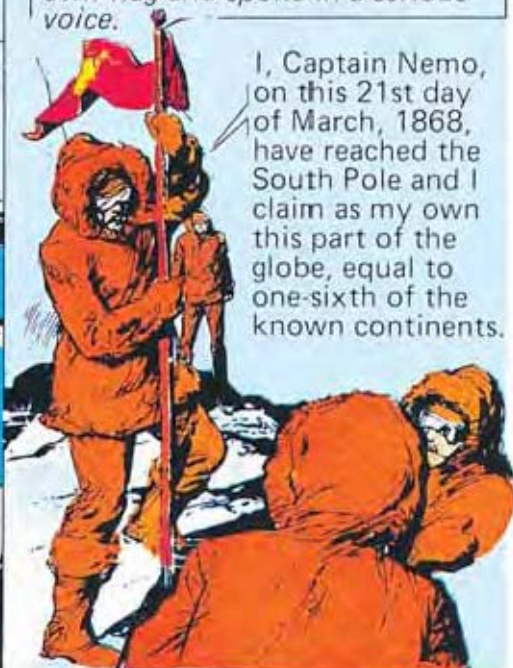
The sun is now exactly halfway below the horizon.

And the time is exactly twelve o'clock. We're at the South Pole!



Captain Nemo then planted his own flag and spoke in a serious voice.

I, Captain Nemo, on this 21st day of March, 1868, have reached the South Pole and I claim as my own this part of the globe, equal to one-sixth of the known continents.



But while we were leaving the South Pole region, under the ice, a giant iceberg suddenly turned over and a terrible thing happened.



An unlucky accident! When icebergs are worn away at their base by warm water, the top becomes heavier, and the whole thing turns over!

In a few moments, the Nautilus was actually at the water's surface, but held in a pocket within the iceberg!



We are within a sort of watery tunnel inside the iceberg, but both ends are closed! We are blocked off from the open sea!

Nemo sent his crew out to dig through the thinnest of the ice-walls below the ship, but it was a real emergency.



We only have forty-eight hours of air aboard the ship! We must chop through the solid ice!

But then an even more dangerous thing happened!



The walls of this ice-cavern are closing in! That means the water around us will soon freeze solid and crush the Nautilus like a peanut shell!

Something must be done... Ah, I've have it!

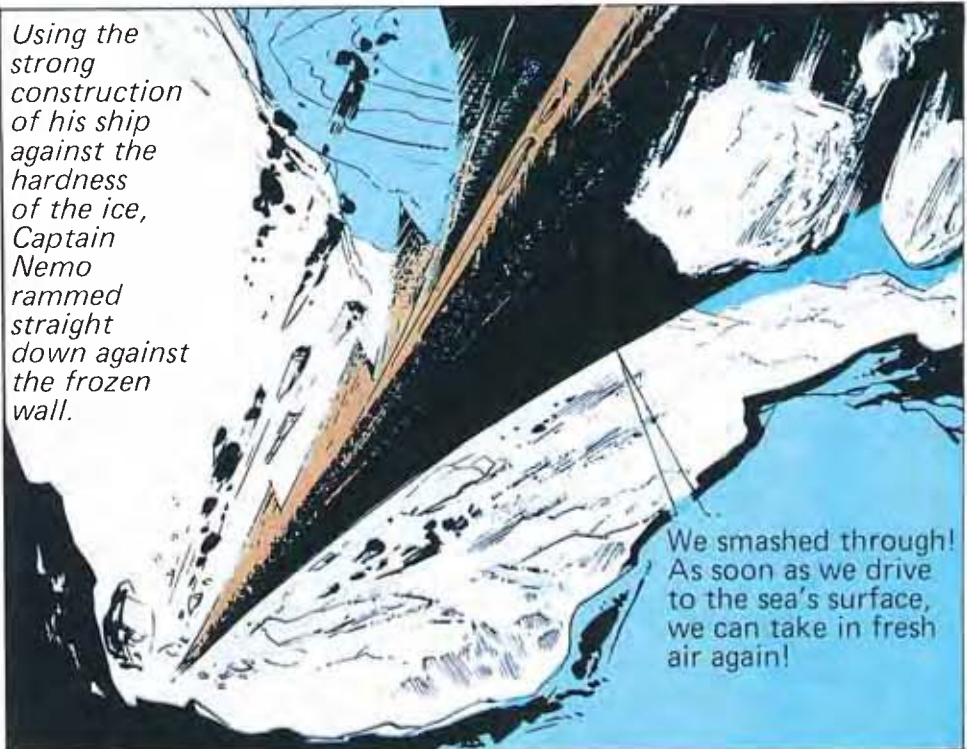
Captain Nemo had a smart idea. He had his men run water through the hot engine, and then pump it out in the form of . . .



Forty-eight hours later, the men had cut through the ice-wall below us to two yards. . .but it was a hopeless race against time!



Using the strong construction of his ship against the hardness of the ice, Captain Nemo rammed straight down against the frozen wall.



That great moment soon came.

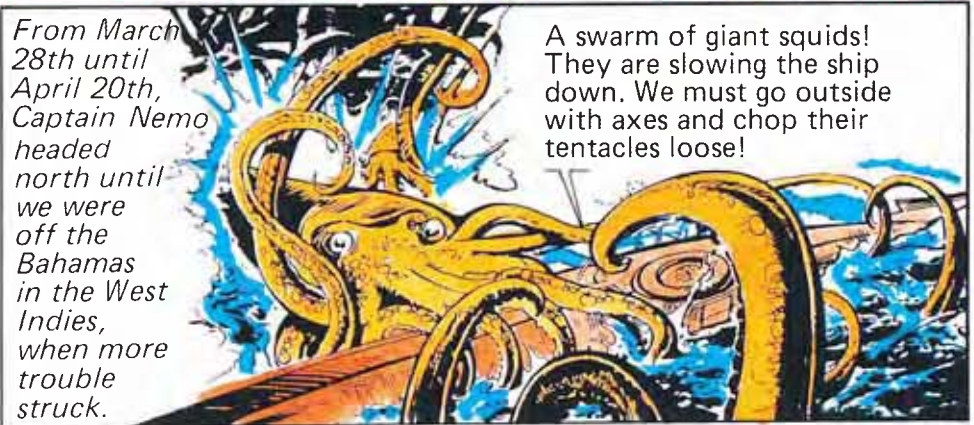
What a blessing to breathe fresh air again!

Pure air will now fill all parts of the Nautilus.



From March 28th until April 20th, Captain Nemo headed north until we were off the Bahamas in the West Indies, when more trouble struck.

A swarm of giant squids! They are slowing the ship down. We must go outside with axes and chop their tentacles loose!



But no sooner had the hatchway been opened. . . .

Without fear, Nemo rushed above and with one blow of his axe. . . .

Help!

The long tentacle of a squid reached down and grabbed my man! We must save him!

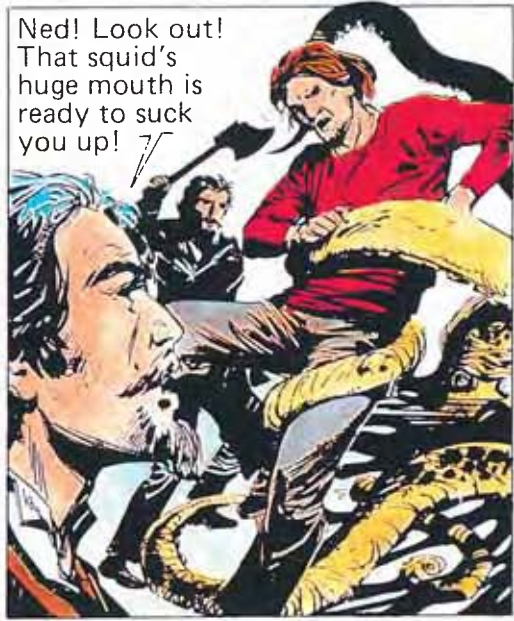


Then the rest of us climbed out, and a horrible battle followed!



Man against beast! Take that, you ugly devil!

Suddenly, brave Ned Land was knocked over by a squid, and. . .



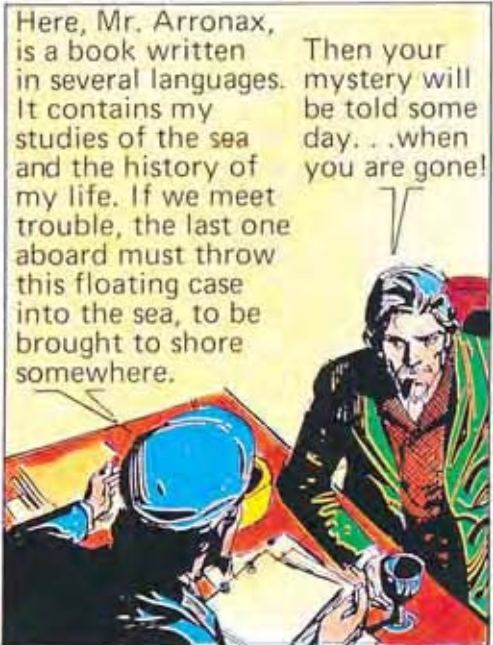
Ned! Look out! That squid's huge mouth is ready to suck you up!

But Captain Nemo rushed forward, unafraid of danger, and. . .



You saved me, Captain Nemo! The score is even between us!

As we then continued to sail north, Captain Nemo called me to his cabin one day.



Here, Mr. Arronax, is a book written in several languages. It contains my studies of the sea and the history of my life. If we meet trouble, the last one aboard must throw this floating case into the sea, to be brought to shore somewhere.

Then your mystery will be told some day. . .when you are gone!

On May 18th, a storm broke upon us as we rode off the coast of Long Island near New York City.



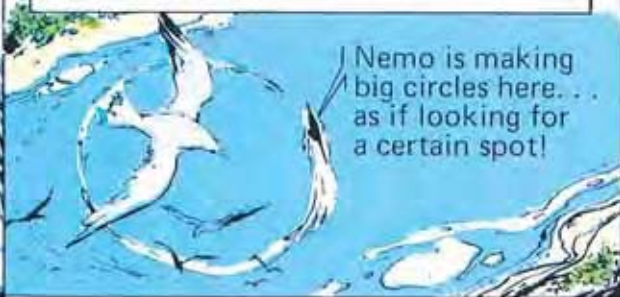
Those waves are 15 feet high and 150 to 175 yards long! And lightning is striking our steel spur! We must sink below the surface immediately. It is easy to escape a storm!

And at the bottom of the sea. . . .



That warship was launched in 1762. It fought many battles but in 1794, exactly seventy-four years ago today, this ship faced defeat and the crew sunk her rather than surrender. Their last cry was Long Live the Republic!

Captain Nemo now sailed eastward across the Atlantic, and then between the tip of England and the Scilly Islands, the Nautilus began a strange movement which puzzled me.



Nemo is making big circles here. . . as if looking for a certain spot!

I was right, for later. . . .

It is here! Sink and go straight down!



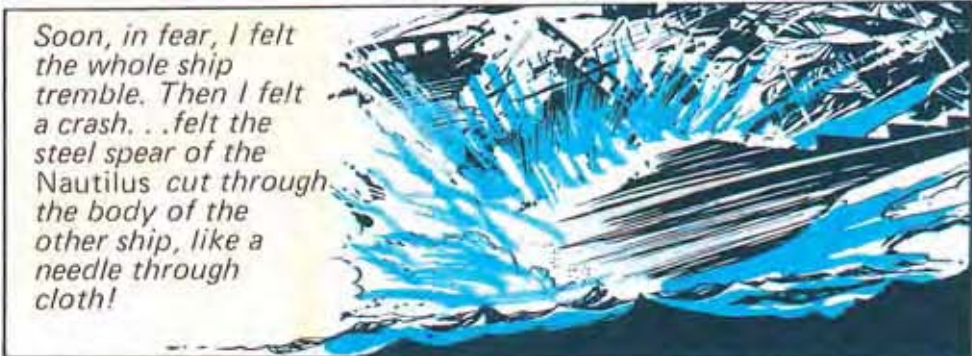
That ship had the name *Avenger*, Captain Nemo.

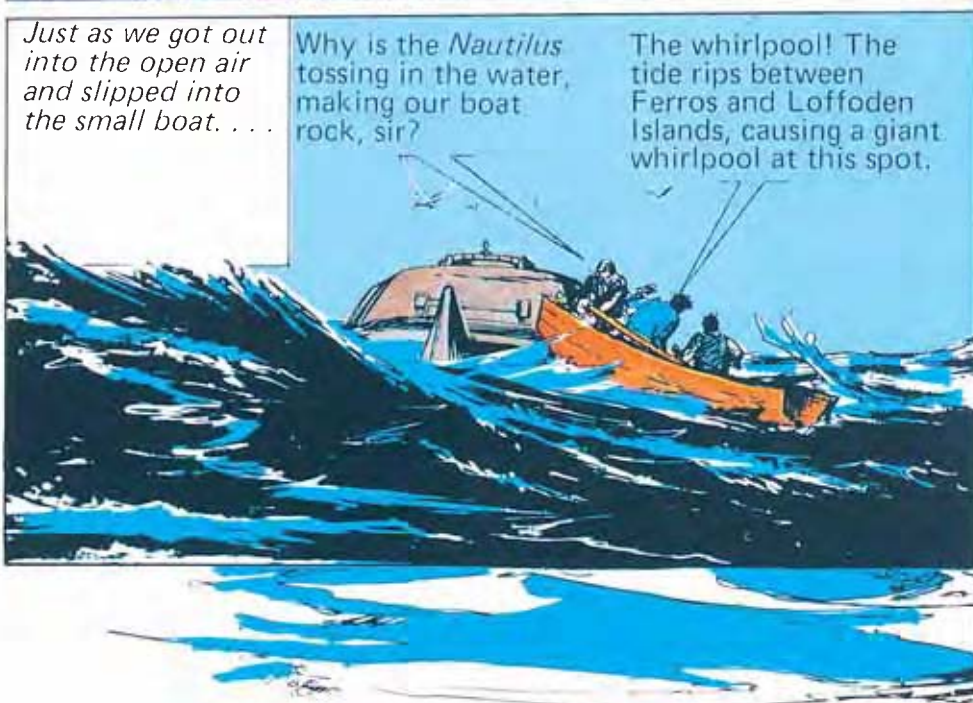
Yes, Professor, the *Avenger*! A good name!





I tried to object but he then spoke confusing words with great emotion.







The ropes holding the boat broke and we were on our way either to freedom or... death!

Maybe we can row out of the whirlpool before it reaches its peak. Row!

Somehow we escaped drowning, but the Nautilus seemed doomed.



Can the Nautilus stand the force of the whirlpool? Will Captain Nemo live on? And will he still live under the ocean seeking revenge? Or will he stop? If he fails and dies, will the book of the history of his life be carried away safely? I hope so. . . .



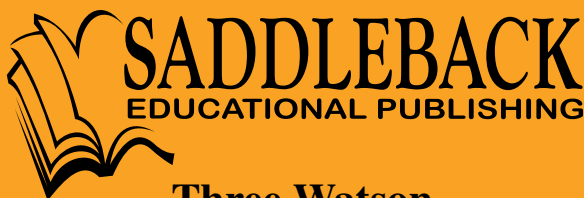
To you who have heard my story, I can only say that Captain Nemo's life is both strange and wonderful. But I still wonder what reasons made Captain Nemo choose to live alone, away from other men, keeping the exciting secrets of the ocean to himself.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

When seamen were sailing only wooden ships,
Captain Nemo was the master of his incredible, futuristic submarine,
the *Nautilus*, which journeyed through many strange
and adventurous voyages. . . .

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea is by far the best known of
Jules Verne's novels. The foresight of Verne in creating the
unbelievable and fantastic *Nautilus* is a credit to him
for predicting the invention of submarines.

The *Nautilus* takes the reader through dangerously adventurous
voyages and introduces many interesting, distinctive characters
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